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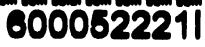
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LEAVES FROM
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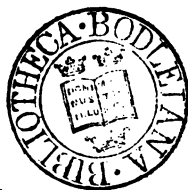
A MOTHER'S JOURNAL:

BEING

MEMOIRS OF CHARLES WILLIAM, HELEN LOUISA,
AND EDITH MARY M. JONES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FEED MY LAMBS."

WITH A PREFACE
BY THE REV. W. HUNT,
INCUMBENT OF TRINITY CHURCH, WESTON, S. MARE.



"Footprints on the sands of time."—LONGFELLOW.

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I Dedicate this Book

TO

MY CHILDREN,

TO THE

BELOVED MEMORY OF THOSE WHO ARE GONE BEFORE,

AND TO

"THE REMNANT THAT IS LEFT."

C. J.

PREFACE.

THE recorded triumphs of early faith are among the sweetest and most encouraging of the Church's treasures.

These memorials of three beloved children are from the pen of their mother. The latest called of these went to Jesus but a few brief months before her. Soon, very soon, she was summoned to "come up higher;" and with her glorified ones rejoices now before the throne of God and of the Lamb. Not by her own hands, therefore, are these illustrations of the grace of God, and of the all-sufficiency of Jesus, and of the power of the Spirit, given to the Church.

This publication is a loving token to her memory, by her bereaved husband and surviving children.

Words of living faith and love, noted down as they fell from the lips of the youthful heirs of glory, as they entered with Jesus the dark valley of the shadow of death,—narratives of divine goodness most signal,—they are presented to the reader watered with many a tear of mingled joy and sorrow, sanctified with many an earnest prayer for their usefulness.

One wish filled the heart of the believing mother here on earth, as she was called to yield up treasure after treasure, and fills it now, beyond all doubt, in glory, that in the records of the grace of which they were made partakers, the faith of believing parents may be increased, the love of youthful disciples strengthened, and the glory of the triune God promoted.

It is to carry out, if God so please, this wish that this little volume now appears. Long friendship with the parents of the children whose triumphs in Christ are described: nor only so, my cognisance of the yearnings of the mother for the conversion of her family to God; of her deep personal fellow-

ship with the Father and with the Son, now ripened into perfection; of her loyalty of heart and life to Jesus; and, most of all, the intercourse which it was my privilege to hold, in life and in the hour of death, with two of the three; these things enable me to commend the book, glowing indeed with the fondness of maternal love, yet never passing beyond the region of truth, breathing the strong confidence of a trustful heart that God would "pour His Spirit upon her seed, and His blessing upon her offspring;" and manifesting the divine answer to parental prayer in a manner intensely trying, yet infinitely wise and tender.

IN MEMORIAM.

IN DEO GLORIAM.

W. HUNT.



LEAVES FROM A MOTHER'S JOURNAL.

DEAR CHARLIE.*

HE was a very pleasant child this dear Charlie, and very precious to his parents ; for, though he was their fourth child, he had for some years been their eldest. The first-born had returned to the God who gave him but a few short minutes after his birth ; but Charlie had enjoyed the companionship of two little sisters older than himself. They went to God before him, but he affectionately remembered and spoke of them.

He was a bright, happy little boy, playful and amusing ; yet gentle, affectionate, and unselfish, obedient, truthful, and deeply conscientious. I do not recollect that he ever told a lie. The Lord seems to have blessed our early training, full of errors and weakness though it was ; and I believe that the dear boy's conduct had long been under the control of

* Reprinted from the *Christian Treasury*, by permission of the Editor.

Christian principle, though it was not until his last illness that we could speak of more than his outward character and actions. One or two little traits will show what he was at eight or nine years old. One forenoon, a little sister, younger than himself, had got into a passion, and left deep marks of her little nails on Charlie's neck. When going to bed in the evening, she went to her brother to say "Good night," and whispered her request for forgiveness. He instantly turned, and, throwing his arms round her, exclaimed, "*Oh to be sure!* why, I had even *forgotten* it!"

One summer afternoon I invited Charlie to accompany me to the lovely village of D——y, about a mile from our home. He was to be "mamma's postilion" to her donkey-chair, in which he delighted. A half-crown had been lately given him, and this, with his usual unselfishness, he had devoted to making presents to his younger sister and brother; and he now begged me to take him to the book-shop in D——y to choose some books for them. On our way thither we met the friend whom I was going to visit, and she asked me to drive with her to the sea-shore instead. Knowing how Charlie loved that bright pebbly strand, I said to him, "Mrs S—— has asked me to go with her to the sea; would it be a great disappointment to you to come there with us, instead of going to D——y, and I will take you to the book-shop another day?" He considered a minute, and then said, "I am afraid *the children* would be very much disappointed, for I told them I

was going to get books for them." And so we went on to D——y, and chose the books, and the dear boy, I doubt not, was far happier in distributing them to "*the children*" than if he had spent the money for himself alone. It was soon after the completion of his ninth year that dear Charlie's health began to fail, and about six weeks after his tenth birthday his heavenly Father released him from the long illness of nine months—a gradual decline, from which there was no rally. The first few months we were not very uneasy about him, as he had never been a robust child. Three more we passed in fluctuating hopes and fears; but the last three we saw clearly the Lord's will concerning him. It was an unspeakable mercy all through, that he did not suffer much actual pain, and that it was never violent. Suffer he did, mentally and bodily, from weakness, wasting, feverishness, weariness, and extreme depression; and for the last few weeks that he was wholly confined to his bed, his poor skin was cut through in some places by the sharpness of the bones.

As his illness increased, I considered whether I ought not to make use of this opportunity to deepen his impressions; and while I waited prayerfully for guidance, the dear child spoke to me of his own accord.

When the burden upon his heart and the tenderness of his conscience made him feel the need of a guide and comforter, he turned to his mother; and thenceforth I knew all the trials through which his

spirit passed, and the dealings of God with his precious soul.

When Charlie first opened his heart to me in sore anxiety about his sinfulness, he asked me, with deep earnestness, whether I thought Christ would receive him, and forgive his sins. I said, He surely would, for He died *for sinners*, and had promised to save *all* who come to Him for pardon; that He says, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted;" and if he was mourning for his sins, he was just the one Jesus would "comfort." He said, "But, mamma, I am afraid I have not the *right kind* of sorrow for my sins." "How do you mean, my child?" I inquired. He said, "I am afraid my sorrow is not because *I love God*, but because I *fear* Him, and lest He should send me to hell." I was struck with the distinction made by the enlightened conscience of so young a child; yet it seemed to me, in his then state, to be taken advantage of by the enemy of souls to keep him from throwing himself on Christ. I paused a moment to consider, and then said, "Even so, dear Charlie, I do not think that is a *wrong* sorrow, or one that God will reject; for remember how often we are commanded to *fear* God, how often the Bible speaks of the fear of God as a right thing. "Ye that fear the Lord hate evil." This must mean fear of grieving Him—fear of making Him angry by sin." His dread of God's broken law and of hell was remarkable, because such was not the school in which he had been trained. It was not with such terrors

we strove to lead the lambs to Christ, and hell was indeed only spoken of when it came in the regular course of Bible-reading as a part of the truth of God.

Deep indeed were the waters through which his heavenly Father led the soul of this young child, and clear the light in which He showed him the evils of his own heart. His conscientiousness was heightened, partly by the nature of his disease, to a most painful degree, and he became intensely watchful over every thought, word, and act. For some weeks he was most painfully distressed by a constant questioning about every trivial action of the day, whether it was right or wrong. Each was examined, and many times in the day would he have us on our knees, entreating for pardon from God when he thought he had offended. Indeed, during this sorrowful time he lived completely under the distress and terror of the law. It was explained to him that most of these actions were indifferent in themselves, and that it was the motive which made them right or wrong. He watched his inward motives with morbid sensitiveness for a day or two; and then I shall never forget the burst of bitter anguish with which he laid his head on my shoulder, and said, "Mamma, I find that *everything I do is mixed up with sin!* and even if I begin a thing from a right motive, a wrong motive comes in before I have finished it." He was told with deep sympathy that he had but found out in his own heart what we had found in ours, and it was

shown him that this made it necessary that we should have a *perfect* Saviour, and also that we must go *continually*, and for *every* sin, to Jesus to be cleansed; but it was very difficult to calm him.

Through all these weeks of trial, prayer was the only thing that brought relief to his soul, except the Scripture; and great was his distress that he could not even pray without such wandering thoughts, that he feared God would not hear him; and after we had again and again cast his sins before the Lord for pardon, his tearful misery still was, "But I cannot *trust* Jesus that He will take away my sins."

Yes, that *simple faith* which he thus so clearly saw as the great need of his soul, he had not; and we, with all our yearning love, could not bestow it on him, for "it is the gift of God." How different was the scene, and oh! how welcome, after all this, when Jesus arose, rebuked the wind and the sea, and there was a great calm,—when, with childlike faith, he was able, to use his own enlightened words, to "just trust Him!"

In the month of April we took him to town for change of air and the best advice, but neither health nor spirits improved. One evening, with many tears, he said to me, "Mamma, I have been very sinful; I have thought very little about God to-day; I can't love Him as I wish to do, and I can't *trust* Him; He seems to hide His face from me, and I can't *see* His love." With much sympathy I tried to comfort him, and turned to the Bible, which lay beside us, scarcely

knowing which promise to choose, when at once I opened on that precious and most appropriate one in Isa. liv. 7, 8. "Listen, dear Charlie," I said, "to what GOD says to you, 'For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.'" "Ah! that is delightful," said Charlie, and he was comforted. About this time, he entreated me many times a day to repeat for him those precious verses in Mal. iii. 16, 17. And thus, from time to time, in the midst of his deep distress, the Lord of love "let fall a ray," which kept alive hope and prayer, and guided him and us through the dark, troubled waters. The way in which light and comfort gradually dawned on his soul was remarkable.

It was at the end of a day of more than common mental distress that we were conversing quietly together, when, on my quoting 1 John ii. 1, 2, "If any man sin," &c., Charlie asked, "Was it only for *our* sins that Jesus died?" In answer, I again simply repeated, "And not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." "But I mean," said he, "did Jesus die only for God's children, or did He die for the wicked too?" "You know it says He died for 'the whole world;' that means for all the people, good and bad, that are in it." "Will there be more wicked, or good, people?" "I am afraid there will be more wicked; for He says, 'Strait is the gate, and

few there be that find it ; wide is the gate, and many there be which go in thereat." "Then," said Charlie, "it is only those *whom God chooses* that come to Him?" "Yes, for it is only those to whom He gives His Holy Spirit who care to come. The wicked turn away from Him." "Then," said Charlie, "it is not for anything in ourselves that God loves us?" I told him the anecdote of the old woman mentioned by John Newton, who said that she knew God must have chosen her before she was born, for He never would have chosen her afterwards. "Then," concluded Charlie, "it is *entirely out of His own love* that Jesus chooses us;" and after a reflective pause, he added, "I think it is better to pray that I may think more of God's love to me than of mine to Him."

This conversation took place on the 7th of May ; and on the day following, while reading to my dear child a little book called "Glory, Glory," we came to an expression, that the little girl mentioned in it was "sealed by the Holy Spirit." Here he stopped me, and looking anxiously and earnestly at me, said, "Mamma, has God sealed *me* for His own child?" I lifted my heart to God for direction, and kneeling down beside him, I said, "I trust and feel sure that He has indeed, my darling child. Ever since you were born, your dear father and I have been praying to Him to make you His child. We took you to be received into His Church by baptism, and many Christians prayed for you there ; and we were told

not to doubt, but earnestly believe, that God would hear our prayers. And I am sure that when we offered you up then to Jesus, and prayed Him to receive you, He would not turn away and reject you. And ever since that time we have been praying for you, that God would soon let us *see* you were His child, and not let you grow up careless, to wander from Him into sin, but teach your heart to love and seek Him; and now, I trust, He is answering our prayers, and making you seek Him, and filling your heart with thoughts of Him, and that you are truly one of His dear children."

The first bright beam of hope and peace that I had seen on it for many a day stole over my dear child's face, as he listened earnestly while I spoke, and he then said, emphatically, "Yes; and *He heard your prayers.*" After a few minutes of silent happiness, he said, "Mamma, some time ago, at home, when you were talking of Christ's coming, and that perhaps He would come soon, I was very unhappy, for I was afraid I should go to hell; but *now* (with a joyful look) I am His child!" "And you can say, 'This God is *our* God, we have waited for Him.'" "Will He come, soon?" "I hope He will. We cannot tell *when*, but He says, 'Behold, I come quickly.'" "That would be delightful!"

From this time forth, though his mind was occasionally clouded with sadness, and he never lost his deep conscientiousness, watchfulness, and sorrow for sin, it pleased God to give increasing hope and peace

to the precious child. He rested by faith on Christ, lived in the spirit of prayer, and looked forward to be with Jesus as his greatest comfort.

Having tried all that change of air and the best medical advice could do for our child, we brought him home, with scarcely a hope of his bodily restoration, but thanking God for the improved health of his soul. All through the lovely summer months he lay on his little couch in the drawing-room, while through the open door of the green-house there stole in from the pleasure-ground beyond the soft breath of flowers; but to him it brought no revival, for, as a flower of the field, so he faded day by day.

Frequently, as he lay, he would look at me, and say, "Please, darling mamma, not to speak for a few minutes;" and then the clasped hands and bended head showed that the heart was engaged in silent prayer. Another oft-repeated request was, "Mamma, will you talk to me about God?" One day we were conversing on the future coming of Christ, he said, "It would be so delightful to see Jesus who died for us!" "Yes, dear Charlie, and perhaps God may send for some of us even before He comes, as He did for dear Helen B."* "And," said Charlie, "those that go before He comes will see Him soonest!" Another time he said, "It will be so delightful to have God Himself wipe away our tears!"

The love of gratitude towards his heavenly Father,

* A young cousin who had lately died of fever, caught in labouring among the poor in her father's parish.

as well as that of trustfulness, was strong within his heart, and everything was accepted as His gift. Thus he would say, "It is very good of God to give me so many comforts. It was He put it into papa's mind to bring me those nice grapes." One time, when I was sitting by him, he said, "How kind of Jesus *first* to die for us, and then to give us all these comforts!" "Yes, dear love; and there is a sweet text which says that very thing, 'He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?'" Charles, emphatically, "And that was when we were His enemies." Another day, after a long silence, he looked at me and said, "It was very good of God to take away that *questioning*, you know,—always asking questions;" and as the sun streamed into the room, he added, "That is the way God smiles upon His people."

About this time our dear absent pastor sent him, from Torquay, that beautiful hymn of Miss Elliott's, "Just as I am," and thenceforth that, and the equally lovely one, "Thy will be done," were his peculiar favourites. I asked him which verse of the latter he liked best, and he replied, "Oh, this one—

'Renew my will from day to day
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.'

As Charlie became weaker, he was unable to bear being carried down stairs; and for the last few weeks

he was too fragile to be moved even to his couch. Loving and tender, indeed, were the hearts and hands that watched and tended him night and day; for all recognised the image of Christ in His young disciple, and saw that he was on the wing for heaven, and a holy calm reigned in the chamber of the dying child.

I do not know at what period his mind received the idea of his probable death. We dreaded to risk agitating, and perhaps disturbing the calmness of his hope and trust, by announcing it to him in his excitable and nervous state. We considered that it was not the act of dying, or the knowledge of it beforehand, that was the all-important point, but the state in which death found the soul; and being entirely satisfied that our precious child was *ready*—resting by simple faith on Christ—we felt that it would be best and wisest to leave the time for revealing this also to him in the hands of that tender Father who had already taught him so many things. And so, after praying for guidance, we left it with God, and it was from Him the knowledge came. He had often spoken of being with Christ; but it was always the hope of His coming, until about three weeks before his removal, when he began of his own accord to speak of death—not to me, however, for he had always the most tender, thoughtful regard for my feelings, but to a Christian friend who had been his earliest teacher, and who kindly helped to tend him through the latter part of his illness.

One morning in the early part of August, when he

was in pain and very low, this friend said, to comfort him, "What a happy time that will be, dear Charlie, when we shall have no more pain, and when Jesus will wipe away all our tears!" With a bright happy look, he said, "Yes, and then I shall see all the other children," meaning those who had "gone before."

Two days after, he said to her, "What a delightful thing to know that I am Jesus' child, and that I am *safe for ever!*" "Yes; and won't it be delightful when Jesus comes, or sends to take you to Himself?" "Oh yes," said he; "then I shall be with Him for ever—always *live with Him* then!" Later in the day, and after a long silence, he said to her, "Do you think God will make death easy to us?" "Indeed I do, Charlie, and David also thought so; for he said, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me;' and God has dealt so tenderly with you all through your illness, that I am certain He will support and comfort you when He sends for you." And the loving, childlike heart replied, "Then I need not have any fears about death, but *just trust Him.*"

On the Saturday night, August 21st, he was peaceful and happy; and when his father went into his room to take the night watch by his bed, the dear boy was full of expressions of gratitude to him and his mother, and other kind friends, and above all to God, saying, "I could not reckon all the

things I have to be thankful for. We ought to love God very much;" adding, "When we are in heaven how happy we shall be!"

It was on Sabbath evening, August 22d, that Charlie was suddenly seized by delirium. It was a trying scene breaking into the calm of his dying hours. He suddenly screamed out to us to save him, to help him, to keep him, and hold him, and not to let them take him away. There was no resource for us but prayer. Gradually he became calmer, but still talked in an excited manner. His faithful nurse had raised him to a half-sitting posture. We knelt by his bedside, and, with tears, began to pray in a low voice. He ceased to talk, and listened. Then, after a few minutes' silence, he stretched out his hand, and with a tone and look of deepest solemnity, as if he indeed saw him, he exclaimed, "It is *Death!*" Then instantly looking upwards, with a gaze of intense earnestness, "O Saviour, take me to Thyself—take me *home* to Thy bosom!"

From that time, for many hours, he prayed almost incessantly, with such longing to be gone, as indeed I have read of, but had never seen. None that were present will ever forget that first scene of almost welcome to death, nor the exceeding might of earnest prayer and longing to be gone. He seemed to be quite sure he was going immediately—and so, indeed, were those around him—and as if he were already half in heaven.

Yet it pleased his heavenly Father to leave him here for a fortnight longer, to the astonishment of all; and during these waiting hours, many more precious words were given to our hearts' memories. One time, when his nurse returned to the room, he said to her, "Ah, dear nurse, you were not here to see the beautiful light! I heard *the Light* speak to me!"

Once, after he had lain quiet for some time, on my moistening his lips with a little broth, he said, with a sigh of regret, "Ah, I want to go home to my dear Saviour!" I said, "You may go to Him, my own darling—I will not keep you from Him." "Oh, thank you, mamma!" he exclaimed, in a tone of such gratitude; "may I go now?" "Yes, my child," I said, with a bursting heart, for I knew not but that God might take me at my word at that moment. "But may I go back now to Him by this same way?" he asked, as though I had called him back from the very gate of heaven, and he were but standing on the very confines of this world.

Another time, he said, "O my dear, dear Saviour, take me home to Thy bosom!" And after a pause, he added, in a most touching voice, "I know I am one of Thy lambs."

One day he had lain perfectly still for a long time, while I sat silent by him. He took a long, earnest gaze slowly round him, without moving a muscle except his eyes, and then, fixing them on me, he said, softly, "Is this my coffin?" "No, my precious

child, it is your own nice little bed." He said something, I could not hear distinctly, about "the One beside me." I said, "*Who* is beside you, dearest?" He said, emphatically, "*God*." And my heart acknowledged, with gratitude, that now, when the dear child was thus visibly walking through the "valley of the shadow of death," and

"Since all alone—so God has will'd—we die,"

his God indeed was with him, and he "feared no evil." We thought again of this touching scene when we looked on him in his coffin, and were comforted.

He sunk at last to rest without a struggle, with his mother's arm beneath his head, on Monday evening, September the 6th.

HELEN LOUISA.

AMID the wild storms and snows of a severe February, this fair and delicate blossom was given into the bosom of her happy mother. She seemed to come as a special gift to supply the place of the lovely little Ella, our Lily, whom the Master's hand had gathered a short year before. The new treasure was the tiniest, and fairest, and most fragile of blossoms. She slept away the first month of her life in her berceaunette by her mother's fireside, only opening her pretty blue eyes when requiring to be fed, when she would lie for a few minutes gazing around her on the strange new world into which she had entered.

However, with great care and watching, and the help of a good nurse, the little one lived and thrived, and after three months was strong enough to be carried to God's house, and dedicated to Him. She received the names of Helen Louisa, after her two godmothers.

In her third year, her health became very delicate for a time, and her wilfulness and irritability gave

her parents considerable trouble. Her mother well remembers one scene in which the little fairy, not three years old, made a great effort to obtain her own way. Some injudicious friend, or servant, had given her a handful of sweet cakes, and when she came into her mother's sitting-room, she had but one left out of six. She took it gently from her, telling her she had eaten too many, and mamma would put that one by for another time. Helen was excessively indignant that her rights should be thus interfered with, and began to scream angrily. Her mother tried every means to quiet her, in vain—she cried on passionately. After due warning, she gave her a whipping. Then the screams changed to the passionate and vehement exclamation, "*I will have dat cake!*" which she reiterated again and again. Her mother forbade her to repeat it; and as she still persisted, she took the cake from the table, and telling her that as she had been so naughty, mamma could never let her have it, she threw the cake as far as she could through the open window, where it was lost in the grass of the lawn. The child watched in silence until she saw it fall, and then instantly recommenced her determined cry, "*I will have dat cake!*" Again her mother punished her, knowing well that her child's future was involved in the conquest of her stubborn will. But still the little rebel reiterated her cry, and the mother's heart was aching at the thought of being again obliged to whip her, when another mode of punishment occurred to her. She lifted the little one

from her knee, where she had been seated all this time, and carrying her into her own bedroom, she placed her sitting in the centre of the large bed, and threw the light summer quilt over her, so that she had both light and air sufficient. This new and sudden step had the same effect on the little creature that covering its cage has on a noisy canary. There was instant and complete silence—her wilful cry ceased, the sobs subsided, and in a few minutes she was quite subdued, and the little prisoner was released, and ready to ask mamma's forgiveness, and glad to be taken up on her knee, and to lay her little head on her bosom, to be kissed and pardoned.

As her health improved, her disposition softened. Her perseverance and love of accuracy, and the pleasure she took in surmounting difficulties, were remarkable almost from infancy. She early learned to read, her first lessons being given by her grandmother, when Helen was on a visit to the cottage. The stores for the village school were kept in her dressing-room, and how well we remember that, when the child was missed from among her companions, the tiny form would generally be found all alone seated on the floor of that room, with one hand holding up a great school tablet before her, and one small finger of the other guiding her to spell out the words. If she came to any insurmountable difficulty then or in future times, she would ask for help ; but she did not like, otherwise, to be told what she was trying to make out : she always preferred to make it her own

by conquering the difficulty for herself. At their lessons, it was curious to observe the difference between her and Charlie in this respect. In a word of three or four syllables, Charlie would thankfully accept help; but if Helen were told the word, she would totally ignore having heard it until she had perseveringly mastered it for herself. This spirit characterised her in all her future life, so that whatever she learned was learned thoroughly. She loved work for work's sake, and was therefore a very pleasant child to teach.

Her mother always required that the Scripture lessons especially should be repeated with perfect accuracy, telling her children that we had no right to alter any one of God's words, and therefore that one verse said *perfectly* would always please her better than ten stumbled over. This was quite to Helen's taste; and from earliest childhood to the last weeks of her life, the beauty of her Scripture recitations was most remarkable.

When she was about five years old, she was taught to do a little needlework; but it was found to be a weary business to a little creature who could never bear to leave an imperfect stitch, and who would not willingly take anything in her hand but a book, even for amusement. Her mother one day gave her a small piece of muslin to hem, which she carried to a distant window of the drawing-room. It was only about half a finger's length; and after the lapse of about twenty minutes, she asked if it were nearly finished.

"Oh no, mamma!" said the little workwoman. Her mother waited a while longer, and then went over quietly to discover the cause of the delay. She found about an inch accomplished, and the child, with her needle unthreaded, unpicking a stitch. She laid her hand on the little one's shoulder, and said, "Have you been idling, my Pearl? How is it that you have spent all this time about that little bit?" "Oh no, mamma, I have been working all the time; but I couldn't make the stitches neat enough, so I had to rip them several times, and it does take so long to thread my needle!" "Well," said her mamma, "you have been doing your best, my little Pearl, and you have been at work now for half an hour, which is quite long enough for a little girl of five years old;" and, lifting up the little fairy in her arms, she kissed her, and sent her off to play.

One more anecdote will illustrate another trait in her character. When she was about eight years old, it was found necessary to send her to the dentist, and her mother not being well enough to accompany her, her kind godmother, Mrs S——, requested Helen might be sent to town, promising to send her own maid with her to the dentist. One of the young men of the family most good-naturedly volunteered to accompany her; and on the way thither he promised Helen, that if she bore well the extraction of her tooth, he would give her a shilling as a reward. She bore it beautifully, and when the dentist said that a second also must come out, she submitted

without a murmur. "Well done, little Pearl!" exclaimed her young friend; you shall have a shilling for each tooth." Oh no, indeed!" exclaimed Helen, "*one* is *quite* enough; and I thank you very much for that; I don't want two." Nor could she be induced to accept more than the one; and on her return home she just simply told her mother that J. S—— had been so kind in going with her to the dentist, and giving her a shilling for bearing the pain well.

Years passed, on which we will touch but lightly. She was too young to understand the loss of her elder sister Emma, who died at the age of six years and a half; and during the last two months of dear Charlie's long lingering illness, she and the rest of the younger children were taken by their dear grandparents to their home, in order to secure quiet for the dying boy, and freedom from care to his heart-stricken parents. The children parted affectionately on both sides, but equally unconscious that they should never meet again on earth; and while the mother, returning to Charlie, sat down quietly by his couch, and strove to choke back her tears, the dear boy looked at her wistfully, and said, "*Mamma, when am I to go, and where?*" After the death of dear Charlie, Helen was the eldest child, but Charlie was never forgotten by his little brother and sisters.

In her thirteenth year, Helen went to reside in England with her parents, and the family lived in Devonshire for some years. Here she had more

companions out of her own family than she had hitherto had, and the effect was certainly for the time injurious—though wisely ordered, no doubt, to show her the evil of her own heart. To our surprise and distress, from a most docile child, she became wilful and resolute, and set herself to oppose the will of the mother to whom she had hitherto shown such tender love and cheerful obedience. It was a very unhappy time for both; for many faults displayed themselves which had not before appeared, and which at her age required most careful and judicious handling. At length, after some months of struggling against the light, the proud, wilful heart was touched by God's grace.

An evening came when, the younger ones being in bed and her father absent, Helen found herself alone with her mother. She seized the opportunity for which she had been watching, and, drawing near her mother's side, told her, in gentle and humble tones, how sorry she was for all her rebellion, and for the trouble and anxiety she had given of late—adding that she had much more to tell and to confess, of which her mother as yet knew nothing. The mother drew her to her heart, and there she poured forth, with many bitter tears, the story of her inner life during the past few months, and of all the faults, follies, and concealments which had wounded her own conscience, and were now weighing her down with sorrow and distress. It was a most painful hour to both, and they mingled their tears together.

But when all had been told, her heart was lightened, the burden of sin and sorrow was carried to the foot of the cross, and earnest prayer was made together for pardon for the past, and strength for the future; and then the mother with thankfulness laid her child's head on its pillow of repose and peace.

It was the turning-point in dear Helen's character. She had still of course many faults to contend with; but she watched and struggled for the conquest of self, seeking strength from God. Two or three years passed away, and as she grew in wisdom, stature, and beauty, she was the delight of her parents' heart, and her deep conscientiousness, and loving, gentle spirit, made her example and influence invaluable with the younger children, by whom she was exceedingly beloved.

After four years' residence in Devonshire, the family removed to W.—, and a few months later to Bath. It was partly on account of the want of religious privileges in Devonshire that this move was made; and the parents were the more anxious on this important point, because their two elder daughters were approaching the age for confirmation.

But before they left Devonshire, Helen had gone back to the land of her birth, and to her second home, the "Cottage of Peace," as it was often called, where she had spent so many happy days. She went in the early autumn to be bridesmaid to her much-loved aunt and godmother, and afterwards

spent some months with her dear grandparents, and other kind friends in Ireland, before she joined her family after their removal to W——, on the last day of the old year.

In passing through Dublin, she saw her beloved grandfather for the last time on earth. He had gone there for the best advice; but though none of his friends or children were as yet alarmed about him, he himself was convinced that he had entered on the last stage of his heavenward journey, and he took leave of his granddaughter as one waiting and ready for his Lord's summons. It was amidst the joy of dear Helen's return and welcome home, that the truth first smote upon her mother's heart, when, on inquiring for her father, she watched the instant cloud of sorrow which overshadowed her child's bright face. When they were alone she learned that her dear grandfather had told her that they should meet no more on earth, but that he was ready, trusting wholly in Christ; and he charged her to seek the same Saviour, and to meet him in the "Father's house," where were "many mansions." The March following he was taken to that bright home where, scarcely two years and a half after, he was joined by his fair young granddaughter.

The family were now settled at W—— for the winter, and most eagerly did dear Helen drink in the words of the preached gospel, and seek to hear it at every opportunity. I think it was at this time that she heard the sermon which she afterwards

mentioned to Mr H——, the pastor, whose ministry she attended and valued so highly, as one which had been peculiarly blessed to her and which had brought peace and comfort to her anxious soul.

After their removal to Bath, Helen and her sister attended the ministry of the Rev. William Magee, and also of the Rev. T. F——, whose interesting and instructive Bible readings they also delighted to attend. He was an old and valued friend, and had known the children from their infancy; and now prepared the two elder girls for their confirmation, and for their first communion, which followed. It was a time of real heart-searching and dedication of themselves to God. The effect was marked in Helen's life and daily walk. She never looked back, or longed after the world and its vanities, which she had renounced, but walked circumspectly, pondering the path of her feet, and living an earnest life. In the winter of the same year, after a residence of a year and a half in Bath, the family returned to W——, to the great gratification of the young people.

I can scarcely convey in words the inexpressible charm of Helen's sweet character during the two last years of her short life, especially in the home circle. A heart overflowing with affection, a soft and gentle voice, a natural love of children, and a sweet, caressing manner, made her influence paramount with the little ones, and especially with Edith, who was her own peculiar "child." Her rapidly-maturing judg-

ment, deeply-thoughtful mind, and ardent thirst for knowledge, made her a delightful companion to her mother, to whom she was devotedly attached. Her deep conscientiousness and love of truth in every form had been early remarkable, and these traits now developed themselves in the earnest purpose of her life, and in the purity, *naïveté*, and simplicity of her countenance and manner, to which they gave a peculiar charm. This was so visible to others, that, in her last illness, her kind physician one day came down from her room, saying, "If ever there was an innocent face on earth, it is lying above on that pillow."

With all this she had a most humble opinion of herself, and was of so modest and retiring a disposition, that few really knew her. She preferred to be plainly and simply dressed, and had so little personal vanity, that her mother never discovered whether she was aware of her beauty.

In the spring of 185—, she parted with her only remaining brother, who went on a long voyage to Australia. They never met again; for, long ere his return in the following year, she had gone to a brighter home, and her place on earth was vacant. It added to our grief that he could know nothing of the loss of his beloved sister until he landed, when it came upon him in the first flush of the joy of his return home.

In the early summer of the year he sailed, the family removed to a house which had been taken in

the country ; and great was dear Helen's reluctance and regret to leave the religious and other privileges which she enjoyed in W——. Her mother tried to console her with the prospect of usefulness in cottage visiting, and teaching the village children ; and she brightened at the thought, and tried to look cheerfully and hopefully forward.

The sisters were soon at full work in their new home ; especially in the village school, which was left without a mistress the week of their arrival. They undertook to teach it until the lady of the manor could find a new mistress ; and it was in attending this school in all weathers, and in its close heated atmosphere, that dear Helen took the illness which brought to a rapid close her bright life. Two or three days only in bed, from what we judged to be over-fatigue, and a slight feverish cold, and she was again on the sofa. But from this attack she never rallied, but lost flesh and strength daily ; and the only medical man within reach entirely mistook her case, and said it was low fever.

Those who love her can never forget the last Sabbath she spent in that country-home, when all were together, except the absent brother. She had been so unwell through the week that no one thought her able to learn anything ; and she was lying, weak and weary, on the sofa, when the rest of the family party assembled for the quiet Sabbath evening hour. The younger ones had repeated their portion of Scripture, and it came to the turn of the sister next her

in age, who always repeated the same portion as Helen in alternate verses. Her dear head was raised from its pillow, and she sat up, and with her sweet, peaceful look, and soft, clear voice, repeated the whole of 2 Cor. iv., and then laid herself down again. How appropriate was the chapter! and how often since have we dwelt on the words, "Knowing that He which raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up us also by Jesus, and shall present us with you. For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

The next time that the family reassembled for the Scripture lessons, this beloved one's place was empty, and her melodious voice could no longer join with the rest of the little household band in repeating God's holy words, or in singing the hymns which they all loved so much. On that Sunday, the lonely sister attempted to take up the repetition of the chapter which came next in order.* "For we know, that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

* 2 Cor. v.

But it was in vain—she could not do it—and her dear grandmother, unwilling that we should lose the lessons and the comfort of that beautiful chapter, took the book, and, with a faltering voice, read it aloud to the weeping circle.

But we must return to the early days of Helen's illness. Finding that it increased under the only medical advice within reach, her parents became alarmed, and determined to take her back to W——, to their own kind and valued physician. Alas! it was too late. He at once found on examination that her lungs were attacked. After a few anxious days, further advice was telegraphed for by his desire, which only confirmed his fears. A house was taken close to his residence, and the dear father and grandmother hastened to the assistance of the heart-stricken mother and sister, who were in attendance on the dying child. These four, aided by a dear Christian friend, waited and ministered night and day around her bed, and watched the rapid ebbing away of that precious life.

For the last ten days she was unable to leave her bed, and her mind often wandered and gradually became clouded over, though a loving voice, a favourite text, or verse of a hymn, would recall her to consciousness, and bring back the sweet smile to her lips, or a few precious words in response.

Her mother earnestly desired some return to clearer intelligence, that she might leave behind her an undoubted testimony that she was resting wholly on

Christ, and that He was with her in the dark valley. She expressed this anxious wish to a kind Christian friend, who knew Helen intimately, and under whose instructions she had been for the last six months before she left W——. Her reply was, "Oh, what are dying words to the testimony of such a life as hers! I never had any one come under my roof so consistent, and about whom I was so entirely satisfied."

And yet some few precious dying words were given, while for the most part she lay half unconscious, murmuring texts and hymns, which showed where all her thoughts lay, or as if talking to her little sisters, or teaching her little scholars.

But before she sunk into this half-conscious state, when her mother was one day by her bed-side, she quickly turned her head towards her, and asked, with an anxious tone and look, "But, mamma, are we *saved now*?" "Yes, my child, *saved now*, and *saved for ever*." "But," said she, "if we don't show forth the fruits?" "My child," said her mother, "Christ must do all *in* us as well as *for* us. We need daily cleansing, and to the last we must say—

"I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accursed load."

The look of anxiety passed from her face as these words were repeated from her favourite hymn; and with a sweet smile and a sigh of relief, she said,

"Ah, yes! just trust it all to Jesus." And the mother's thoughts went back eleven years to the like expression of simple faith from dear Charlie's dying lips. "One Lord, one faith, one baptism," united these two hearts in the last hour—and when that was passed—in glory.

On one of the last days that her weakness allowed her to speak connectedly, and two or three before the end, her mother observed her looking earnestly at her, and trying to whisper something. She bent down, and the dear lips whispered, "Peace!" so her mother repeated the text, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." As she said the verse, Helen slowly raised her trembling hand, and laid it against her mother's cheek, and kept it there, looking steadily into her eyes. Then the mother added—

"I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right arm me embraces,
I on His breast recline."

Still looking steadily at her mother, she said softly, but emphatically,

"I on His breast recline;"

then closed her eyes, and sunk to sleep again.

One great desire Helen had in returning to W—— was, that she might be near her pastor in her illness, but this was not to be; and great was her disappointment to find he was absent, and not to return for some

weeks. He came home a day or two before she left us, and immediately hastened to visit the dying girl; but great was his concern to find she was so rapidly sinking, that it was but rarely she could be roused to consciousness. We knelt around the bed, and on rising from prayer he tried what his voice could do, and said slowly and distinctly, "Helen, is Christ precious to you?" She fixed her eyes on him; and her mother, bending over her on the other side, caught the words, which we all saw her lips form, "Jesus—is—precious." I think these were her last conscious words; for about the same hour the following evening she quietly ceased to breathe.

Mr H—— said afterwards to the sorrowing parents, when speaking with regret of his absence at the time when she so much wished to see him, and his return too late to gratify her, "But for ourselves no testimony was needed beyond that of her simple life. There was a depth and a reality in her religion which I have seldom seen, even in far older Christians."

This was abundantly proved when, in turning over some old papers, her mother found a little journal which she had kept during some of the last months of her life; and in the pages of which her humility, and the truth and simplicity of her character, were visible.

Helen died on the 1st of September 1858, aged nineteen years and a few months, and was laid to rest in the cemetery at W——.

It was a bitter grief to the three young sisters, who loved dear Helen so fondly, that they could not see her even once more, as they earnestly pleaded ; but the decline was too rapid, and it was thought every way unadvisable. The sorrowing mother gave them the sad intelligence, and tried to comfort them in the following letter :—

“September 2d.

“ I told you, my darling children, that our precious Helen was dangerously ill, and begged you to pray for her, that if it was not God's will to restore her to us, He would take her home to Himself, to be happy with Jesus, and comfort our hearts. God has heard our prayers; your precious sister is now in the very presence of Jesus, rejoicing in His loving smile, thanking Him for all His precious love—

‘Singing with saints His praises,
Learning the angels' song.’

How often and how sweetly has she sung that hymn with you, on many a Sabbath evening, *Now*, while *we* are weeping sorrowfully to think we shall hear her sweet voice no more on earth, God's own hand has for ever wiped the tears from *her* dear eyes, and she shall ‘sorrow no more at all,’ for she is at rest in Jesus in the eternal Sabbath.

“ You know she loved Jesus, and tried with all her heart to please Him ; and how often she spoke to you of Him, and delighted to teach you, little ones, to think about Him, to love Him, and to pray to Him.

“ As long as you can remember darling Helen, her

gentle voice has tried to lead you to the Saviour, and loved to talk to you of Him. *Now* she is speaking to you from heaven, and saying, 'Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as you think not the Son of man cometh.'

"Our comfort is that she is safe with Jesus, reclining indeed on His dear breast, as she herself said. He loved her, He redeemed her, He sanctified her, He lent her to us, a most precious gift, for nineteen years. He has now taken her home to His loving heart; He has come for her Himself, as He promised, to fill up one of the 'many mansions' He had prepared for her in His Father's house, Let us then thank Him for His love to our beloved one, and pray earnestly that He will give us grace so to live in His love and obedience, that we may meet her again with holy joy in the presence of God. Comfort yourselves, my dear ones, with these thoughts, and carry all the grief of your loving little hearts to Jesus. He will comfort you as He comforts us in this deep sorrow—

'I lay my griefs on Jesus,
He all my sorrow shares.'

It grieves me that I am absent from you at this sad time. But this too is God's will; and I pray earnestly to Him that, as I cannot lay your dear little heads on my bosom to weep there, Jesus himself will comfort you with holy comfort, and teach you all the solemn lessons which my heart longs to teach you at this time. May He be with my beloved children. prays your ever loving

MOTHER."

F A I T H.

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."—HEB. xi.

FAITH is the hand that firmly grasps,
And makes God's promises its own :
It is to faith that God imparts
The righteousness of Christ His Son.

Faith is the foot that on "the Rock,"
Firm and unshaken, stands secure ;
That bears the fainting spirit up
In trials hardest to endure.

Faith is the eye that clearly sees
Things far removed from mortal sight,
And to the soul brings heaven so near,
That even now we drink its light.

Lord, grant me the far-seeing eye,
The steady foot, the hand of faith ;
To live triumphant in thy grace,
And finally to conquer death.

H. L. J.

H O P E.

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."—HEB. vi. 19.

SWEET hope ! upon whose heaven-born wing
The spirit mounting flies,
Come and inspire my earth-bound soul,
And teach it how to rise.

Teach it above these changing scenes
To soar to realms of light ;
To find its joy beyond the skies,
And walk by faith—not sight.

Oh ! thou art not a thing of earth,
Thy dwelling is in heaven ;
How happy and how blessed he,
To whom thy light is given !

H. L. J.

ANTICIPATION.

“Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off.”—ISA. xxxiii. 17.

OH ! would that I could pierce yon azure sky,
And see Thee in Thy glorious majesty ;
Would on Elijah's chariot I could mount
Above the starry worlds beyond all count.

To see my ever-bless'd Redeemer's face
In all the fulness of His love and grace ;
To bow in adoration at His feet,
This would be happiness supremely great.

And I shall see Him, in that glorious day,
When He shall call His own from earth away ;
Till then by faith I see Him always near—
Oh ! may that faith be ever strong and clear.

H. L. J.

EDITH.

THIS dear child had been a tender plant in early childhood, and required care—but, for the two or three years preceding her last illness, her health had so much improved that her parents trusted it would please God to spare to them this treasure—and as she grew in strength, so did she in personal beauty and sweetness of character, until the age of seventeen, when she drooped and died.

She began to fade in the early spring of 1866, but for some weeks there were no symptoms to alarm either her medical man or her watchful parents. Indeed, so little idea was there of danger that, in the beginning of May, her father went to New York upon important business, with the full conviction there was no cause for alarm about his dearly-loved child. But, alas! very shortly after his departure, and when he was beyond recall or immediate return, Edith's illness increased, and such alarming symptoms appeared as caused the greatest anxiety to those who loved her. It was thought advisable

to try change of air towards the end of May, and accordingly she was removed to Bath. However, she received no real benefit from this change, and, indeed, all hope of her life being spared was lost while there, and at the end of three weeks her kind physician advised her return home, lest she should be unable to do so later, her strength was failing so fast. This move was safely accomplished on the 15th of June, and the worn and weary one was once more in her own home, from whence, after a few more weeks of waiting, her glorified spirit ascended to the home above. She peacefully fell asleep in Jesus on the 11th of July.

Having very briefly given a sketch of dear Edith's illness, it is best to let the dear, sorrowing mother speak of this child most precious to her; and this can be done by giving the following extract from that journal from which these "leaves" have been taken, so that, "she being dead, yet speaketh."

EXTRACTS FROM THE MOTHER'S JOURNAL.

I thank God that it was not left till her dying bed to show that my dear child was a child of God, for her spirit and conduct for some years had shown that she had given her heart to Him, and that her first desire was to please Him, and to do something to show her love to Him. I do not mean that she had not many faults, and much to contend with in her natural disposition—sweet, bright, and gentle

though she was—but though she was so modest and retiring, that she seldom spoke of her own feelings, none who knew her doubted that she was God's child, and with deep conscientiousness was living an earnest life to Him.

For some time after her illness began none of us thought of danger, and when the sad truth that we must lose her came home to us, the dear child herself was not at all aware that her case was hopeless till about three weeks before her death. In the earliest part of her illness, she was often low and depressed, and I saw that she was disappointed that her weakness and illness increased, though she said very little about it. I was satisfied that my precious child was trusting in Christ, and safe in Him, but I felt very anxious that she should not be taken by surprise, when all the powers of life were failing; nor, on the other hand, did I wish to startle her by telling her she must soon go; so I asked God to teach her what He saw best, and when. In His own good time He opened her mind to the full conviction that she should not recover. She had a few anxious hours at first, till she had carefully and prayerfully examined, in the prospect of death, the ground and reality of her faith and trust in Christ; but, after that, she was able to say, "When I look into myself, it makes me doubtful and unhappy, but when I keep my eyes fixed on Jesus, then I have peace."

June 23, 1866.—I had a sweet conversation this morning with my precious child Edith. I have for

some time been earnestly asking of God that, if He saw it needful she should be fully aware that her case was hopeless, He would Himself reveal it to her, as He did to dear Charlie.

I left it in His hands, and this morning I received the answer. When I sat down beside her for a few minutes after breakfast, I said, "Here is a bright, beautiful day for grandmamma to travel!" With a trembling lip, the dear child sighed out, "Oh, I wish I could go out!" which I echoed from my heart; and she then added, "I suppose I shall never go out again," and burst into tears. My only answer was silence, and a few tears and kisses. Just then nurse came in, and fearing to agitate her, as she had had a bad night, I left the room. She begged me to come back again directly, and when I did so, I found she had dried her tears. I sat down beside her, and taking her hand, I began to repeat softly the 23d Psalm, which she listened to with closed eyes. I repeated to the end of the 4th verse. After a few moments' pause, she opened her eyes, and fixing them on me, said, "Why don't you go on?" I could not bear that, and hid my face in my hands. The precious child stretched out both her arms to embrace me, and said, in the tenderest voice, "O my darling! how will you bear it?" "God will help me, dearest," said I.

Edith. I oughtn't to have spoken to you—it is too much for you.

Mamma. Oh, I'm so thankful you have spoken!

I have been asking God to show you the truth Himself if He wished you to know it; and I shall bear it much better now that you have opened your mind to me.

Edith. I fear it will make you ill; I had better not talk to you again about it.

Mamma. I would not for the world you kept anything back from me that you wish to say. We are one in heart, and it will be happier for us both to speak of what is in our hearts.

Edith. I should not mind dying if I was quite certain I was God's child. I used to think I was, but now I doubt it.

Mamma. My darling, I do not doubt it. Satan is sure to take advantage of our weakness to fill us with doubts and fears; or, it may be, the Holy Spirit is telling you to make your calling and election sure.

Edith. I *wish* I could be sure; it would make such a difference.

Mamma. Then make sure now, my darling, by throwing yourself into the arms of Jesus, and resting your whole soul's salvation upon Him. If you are willing and longing to be His child, He is still more willing and longing to save you; for "all day long He stretches forth His hands to a disobedient and gainsaying people," and He says, "Look unto me and be ye saved;" "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out;" there is nothing between you and Jesus.

After a few minutes' silence, she said, "Oh that He would give me joy and peace in believing!"

Mamma. That is what we are all earnestly seeking for you, and I have *no doubt* He will give it to you.

Edith. Oh, I hope He will soon!—it would be such a comfort to feel *certain* I am His child.

I then prayed with her for this assurance. After a little, she said, "Mamma, do you think it will be very long?"

Mamma. No, my darling, it is not likely to be very long.

Edith. How soon?

Mamma. I cannot tell, nor can your doctor; but God knows.

Then after a few minutes, she sobbed out, "Oh, do you think papa will be home in time?"

Mamma. It is possible, my darling. I know that he is doing all that lies in his power to return as quickly as possible.

Edith. Does he know it?

Mamma. Yes; I wrote the truth to him.

Edith. How long have you known it? I told her.

Edith. Do the others know it?—Yes.

Edith. Are you quite sure?

Mamma. Yes; and are they not bearing it admirably? keeping a bright face in your sick-room; for, you know, we want to have all bright and cheerful about you, and we love to see your dear face

bright and cheerful too. There is nothing so very sad in going to Jesus.

Edith. No; oh, no!—nothing sad in going to Jesus.

After lying still awhile, she said, “I don’t know how I shall face death.”

Mamma. My precious child, you may never have to face it. Christ may even yet come in time to take us all together.

Edith. Oh, I wish He would!

Mamma. But, if not, He will strengthen you to bear it, and you may sleep your life away.

Edith. I fear I shall have a great deal of pain to suffer beforehand.

Mamma. It is not likely, my darling. I have watched by several of my dear children, and all was peaceful, and with very little suffering. The Lord might even take you in your sleep, and then you would know nothing about it at the moment.

I afterwards asked the doctor his opinion on this point, and finding it was comforting, I told her what he thought, and she said, “Oh, what a mercy if I am spared much pain and suffering! He sees I could not bear much.” Later in the day she spoke to each of her sisters separately, embracing them affectionately, saying, “I am so glad you all know it, for now we can talk to each other about it;” adding to each, “and now, I want you to pray that I may have joy and peace in believing.”

In the evening, when I went to sit with her while

nurse was out of the room, she said, "I have so many things I want to talk to you about, mamma. You know I was looking forward to my confirmation—I should so like to have been confirmed."

Mamma. That cannot be now, my darling. Confirmation is the public renewal of your baptismal vows before the congregation, and of your reception into the outward Church. But I do not think any of our ministers would object to your receiving the blessed Sacrament at their hands, even though you have not been confirmed.

Edith. I should like it: I must think about it, and talk to Miss J., for I have not considered the subject enough yet.

It was on Sunday the 24th of June that she asked me in the morning if she might speak a few words to the children of her Sunday class that day. "I am afraid of not being able to do it at all, if I do not speak to them to-day, and I am very anxious to say a few parting words to them: it may please God to bless it to them." So when their lessons with one of her sisters were over, at her request I raised her up in her bed, and with her characteristic conscientiousness, she said, "Now, please give me my watch in my hand, that I may not speak longer than the time you said."

I then brought her class to her, and ranged them round her bed, and asked, "Now, have you all your children here?" She looked round on them all, and said, with a bright smile, "Yes. Oh, I am so glad

you are all here !” I then withdrew to the dressing-room, that she might be more free, and to pray that the Lord would send her words home to those young hearts. I could hear the clear, sweet, gentle voice speaking steadily on for five minutes, till one after another of the dear children broke down in tears and sobs. She then bid them farewell, keeping back the only boy about whom she was most anxious, that she might make a more direct personal appeal ; and the poor little fellow was completely overcome, and it was some time after he left the room before he could recover himself. I cannot give the words she said ; but she told me that she had told them that she was dying, and should never teach them again,—that she entreated them to give their hearts to Jesus now, and to meet her hereafter in heaven, where she was going.

Yesterday, she said to Kate, “ I should like to see Valentine again ; but it is papa, oh ! it is papa, my heart yearns after !”

This afternoon she said to me, “ I don’t know what I’m doing. I seem to be contradicting myself.”

Mamma. How so ?

Edith. I’m longing and praying that papa may be home in time ; and yet I’m longing and praying to be gone : that seems contradiction in my prayers.

Mamma. We must leave it to God to reconcile the two, or to do what He sees best for you.

Edith. Oh, I wish he had known in time to write to me about it. So next morning I gave her the

little note her papa had written to her, which expressed the probability of not meeting again, which she received with delight, saying, "Oh, that is the very thing I was wishing for yesterday."

June 25th.—This day, Mr R., hearing how ill she was, kindly came over from Clifton to see her. After reading and prayer, he was going away, when she stopped him, saying she wished to speak to him about giving her the Sacrament. He said to her there could be no objection to her receiving it, if she felt she had given her heart to Christ, and she was to think it over by the time he saw her again.

Next morning she told me this conversation, adding, "I am not quite sure about it; sometimes I think that we shall meet so soon that it seems almost superfluous; but I think if you were to talk to me about it, I might understand it better, and think differently. So, on two different mornings, we went through the Communion Service. She asked very few questions, but said several times, "That is beautiful," or, "How comforting." When we had finished, she said, "Now, mamma, we have gone through all that together, and I can fully join in and enter into it. Do you think I may be satisfied with that? or ought I to think of questions to ask Mr R., about the deeper parts of the subject?" I said, "No, my darling child; if you can enter into that service in simple faith, that is all that is necessary; and Mr R. said you might leave the deep things."

Edith. Yes; that is a relief, for I don't think my mind is *now* able to go into them.

June 27th.—Edith's letter to her papa :—

“MY OWN DARLING PAPA,—Mamma has told you that I know I shall not be long in this world; but I trust I am God's child, and that He will take me to heaven. O my precious father! you do not know how I long to see you again, to put my arms round your neck, to feel those dear arms clasped round me. But our heavenly Father knows best; and if it is His will that we should never see each other again on earth, oh what a joyful meeting will it be in heaven!—Your very loving child,

“EDITH.”

When reading to Edith from a letter of her Aunt E.'s, that “it was a comfort the dear child knew she was going, and was reconciled,” in her own sweet, modest way she softly said, “I think I am *more* than reconciled.”

Mamma. Yes; I think you wish to go to your Saviour. “Yes, I *do*,” she answered.

In the evening, she was told Mr H. was below stairs. She sent him word she would like him very much to speak to her, and pray, but that she could not *speak to him*. She was sitting up in the bed, but when he came close, she raised herself higher, and eagerly stretched out her arms towards him. He

asked her no questions, but spoke to her as a child of God, and then he said, "You are resting, dear child, on Christ your Saviour, I know."

"I have nothing in *myself* to rest on," was her response, which was his satisfaction, and text for the few minutes more that he remained. When he was leaving, she said to him, "I have often had much comfort and instruction from your sermons." "Not the sermons, dear child; but the Spirit with them," he replied. "Yes, I know," she said.

June 30th.—She has occupied herself at intervals the last two or three days in putting aside various little articles and books, which she wished to leave to friends as memorials of her.

This morning, when she gave me those she had selected for me, she put her arms fondly round me, and said, "Don't you weep, darling mammy. Think how happy I shall be with Jesus, and with all your other darlings. When I, too, am there, you will have a great many, and I shall be longing for you to come! And I don't think it will be long—no, I don't think it will be long till we all meet again."

July 1st.—The dear child had a bad night—wakeful and rambling in her mind; but towards morning she became calmer, and got more sleep. She was very weak and languid when she awoke, but quite clear in mind. Soon after I went to sit with her, she said to me, "I think I shall soon be gone now: it can't be much longer. When will the doctor be able to tell how soon it will be?"

Mamma. No one can tell certainly, darling; but I think it can't be long.

Edith. I hope it is not very wrong of me, but I *long* for Him to come for me. I get so weary lying here.

Mamma. Well, dearest, He will come in His own good time, and meanwhile He will help you to bear the waiting.

July 3d.—When preparing her for rest to-night, which, from her great weakness, is always a very trying business, I suppose the dear child felt a little impatient—though I did not perceive it—for she said, “Forgive me, mamma darling; I think I am more impatient to you than any one. I think you come at my worst times.”

Mamma. Those are the times for the mother to be with you.

Edith. But I am afraid I am sadly impatient.

Mamma. I do not think you so, my darling. I know all your faults from your infancy, and I often now thank God, who enables you to bear all the trials of your sick-bed with so much patience.

Edith. Do you *really* think so?

Mamma. Yes; through God's grace you are much more patient now than in the earlier parts of your illness.

“Oh what a mercy!” she exclaimed, with a happy smile.

Mamma. It is indeed a mercy, for it is in answer to your own earnest prayers and ours.

One time, when her mind had been wandering a little, which always greatly distresses her, I heard her whisper to herself, "Oh dear, dear, dear!" then, after a pause, she added, "Thy will be done."

On the 4th, she received the Sacrament from Mr R., in company with her mother, sisters, and grandmother. She looked peculiarly bright and happy during the service—which she received for the first and last time on earth—and when Mr R. gave her the Sacred Emblems, she took them with a calm, sweet smile. Later in the day, she expressed herself as very happy and thankful at having been permitted to accomplish what she so much desired. Mr R. told a friend that he had never administered the Sacrament to any one whose countenance showed so bright and intelligent an appreciation of its value when receiving the blessed elements.

July 8th.—Yesterday, when she was very weak, she said to me, "If you love me, you won't want to keep me."

Again, to-day, I heard her murmuring to herself, "Oh how joyful to go!" while her face was lit up with a bright smile; then, after a little—

"A few more rolling suns at most
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast."

I am only afraid you must think me selfish, in longing to leave you. You know it will be such joy, and to see all your other dear ones again."

Monday, 9th.—K. and E. had a very nice little

talk with her yesterday afternoon. She said, with such a bright, sweet face, "I expect, and so do nurse, and grannie, and mamma, that I shall not be here much longer."

K. And you are very happy at the thoughts of it, darling?

Edith. Oh it will be delightful, it will be *delightful*;" and after a pause, she continued, "I shall be *so* happy; and you must not grieve for me, but you must look up, and remember how happy I am."

This afternoon, after Dr C.'s visit, she asked me what he thought about the time. I said, "He thinks, my darling, you are growing so weak, you will not have much longer to wait."

Edith. Oh, I am so glad! Don't cry, mammy; I shall be so happy with Jesus, and I shall soon see Helen too.

In the morning, Mrs T. had sent her a beautiful bunch of the flowers she loved so much, and when Ella had placed them in a vase, and brought them to her, she was delighted. After smelling and admiring them on every side, I held them on my knee, where she could see them; and after a little while, her whole countenance lit up, "Oh what joy to be an angel!"

Mamma. Yes, and to walk by the river of life, with its never withering trees and flowers, with those who are gone before.

Edith. Yes, you have a great many treasures

there, and soon you will have me there too. You must not weep, mammy.

Mamma. O my darling, I wish I were going with you!

Edith. Oh no, mamma; the others want you; and poor, darling, precious papa. I shall not see him again now—with a sad sigh—it was not God's will.

One time to-day, when she had been trying to doze, she said quietly, looking at me, "Sleep is gone from my eyes."

Mamma. But soon He will give His beloved sleep. Edith, with a smile, "I shall not want any sleep *there*."

On Monday evening, the 9th, her grandmamma going into her room, she said, slowly and feebly, "You know—I am—going soon."

Grannie. Yes, darling, and it will be happy for you.

"Oh *delightful!*" said the dear, dying child, with surprising energy for her failing strength, and they were her last words.

Thus ended the "Mother's Journal." But we cannot close this narrative better than by an extract from the letter she wrote her husband, to tell him of the release of their dearly loved child:—

"FRIDAY, *July* 13.

"Our lovely and beloved one is at rest. It was

but a few more hours of deepening calm and quiet breathing, when at length, about three o'clock A.M., on Wednesday morning, she ceased to breathe, as if she said, 'Let me go, for the day breaketh.'

"And now, my dearest, we must look upward and onward, not down on the faded garment, which soon will be laid at rest beside her beloved sister. Remember, that though it is true our Father has called on us to yield Him up our best and loveliest, yet that for that very reason they are the fittest for Him. He has a *right* to our *very best*, and perhaps it is because we do *not* habitually give Him our best offerings, the first-fruits of our hearts and lives, that He finds it necessary, in our heavenly training, to teach us the lesson that they are *His*, and He has the right to all our best things. I have learned some deep lessons beside our loved one's couch, and this is one of them, and I am earnestly praying for you and myself, and all of us, that we may learn all that our Father means to teach us by this refining fire, and that all this suffering and sorrow may not be in vain. To the beloved one, herself, 'one hour with her God has made up for it all.'"

Those who have read this little story may be anxious to know when the poor father arrived at the darkened home, and when he heard of his dear child's death. He did not reach home, notwithstanding all his efforts, until his darling had been laid one week

in the last resting-place for the body; nor did he know certainly that he could see her no more in this world until he reached that sad home.

We drop a veil over such sorrows, while we leave God to sanctify them to the mourners, and comfort their hearts.

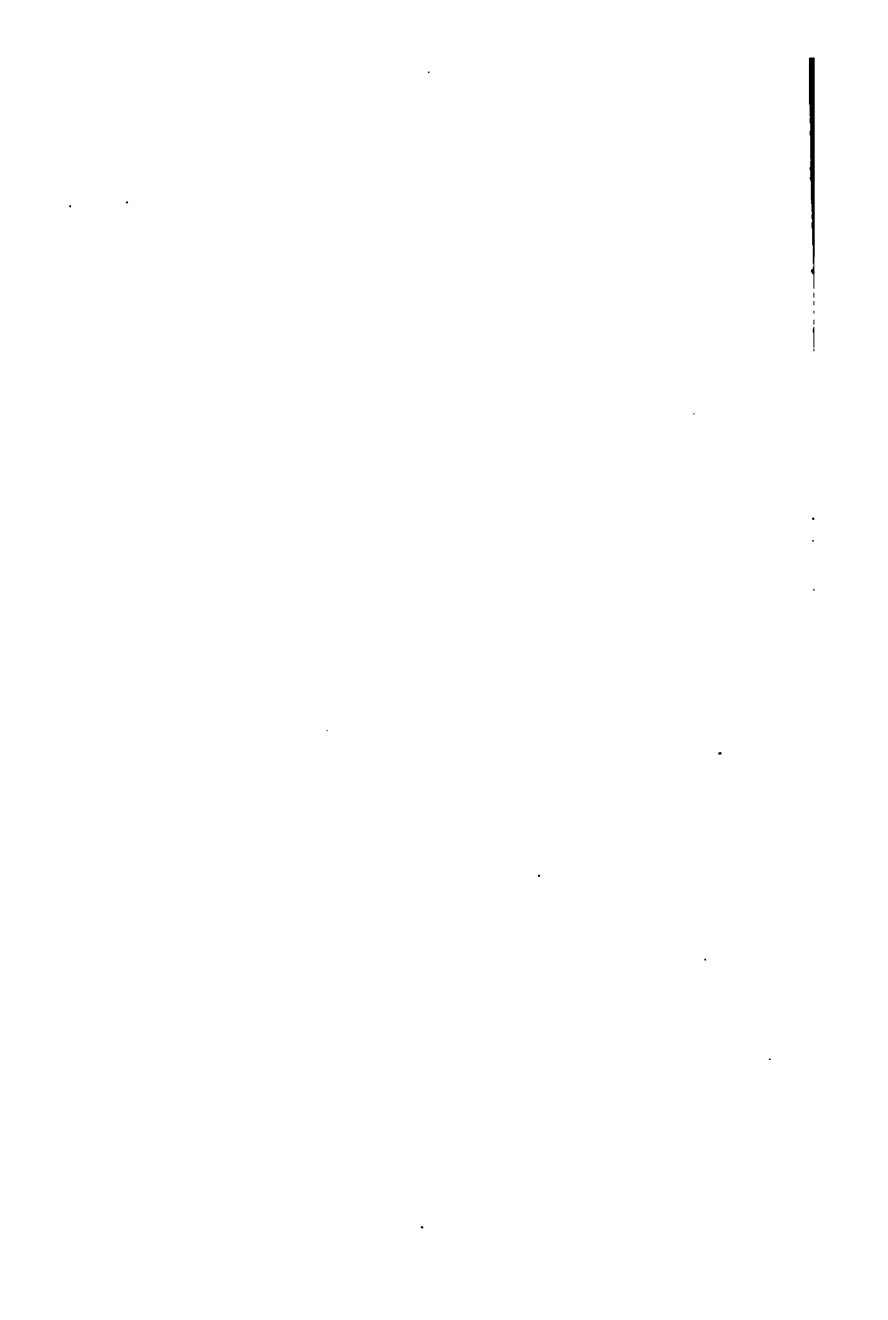
THE END.

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in the last resting-place for the body; nor did he know certainly that he could see her no more in this world until he reached that sad home.

We drop a veil over such sorrows, while we pray God to sanctify them to the mourners, and comfort their hearts.

THE END.









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